

Ex Convict 331

Chapter 331

She went on with the rest of the deliveries, and by the time she had lunch at two o'clock, Grace did not eat much.

Kyla Corbyn said, "What's the matter? You've eaten so little.

Don't you like today's dishes?" When it was lunchtime at noon, everyone in the small restaurant would take advantage of their free time and get the chef to cook several dishes for them to eat together.

"No, I think I ate too much before coming to work this morning."

Grace looked aside at Nelson. "Why aren't you eating? I'll feed Nelson some fruits. I'm full now anyway."

Grace took an apple and peeled it. Then, she cut the apple into small pieces and fed them to Nelson.

The little one obediently opened his mouth and nibbled at the apple, occasionally smiling at Grace.

After feeding him the fruit, the little one got sleepy. He yawned and spread his hands wide, gesturing Grace to hug him.

Grace naturally took the little one in her arms and gently lulled him to sleep.

Although the little one could not hear her soft humming, his young tender fingers would gently brush against her lips as if trying to hear her voice.

sore as she looked at the sleeping little body. Why could an adorable child like him not hear? Sometimes, God was too cruel.

She only hoped that in the future, after Nelson got a cochlear implant, he would be able to hear all the voices in the world and not let this regret follow him for the rest of his life.

"I'll take him back to his room." Mrs. Corbyn stepped forward and

took her grandson from Grace's arms.

Behind the small restaurant was a small, simple house where Kyla Corbyn lived with her mother and Nelson.

Kyla Corbyn said to Grace, "You'll be a good mother in the future, Grace."

A good mother... Grace gave a faint smile, but her heart was filled with bitterness. She might never get the chance to become a mother. When she was in prison, she had once been kicked in the womb during a beating. The doctors said it would be difficult for her to conceive in the future, and even if she did, her womb would

not be able to sustain the growth of the baby.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, orders for food deliveries had come in again, but the address and the person who ordered it

caused Grace to frown.

It was her old law firm again, except this time it was Andrea Schwartz who ordered.

Thinking of her last chance meeting with Andrea Schwartz, Andrea

Schwartz's words were full of ridicule about her current difficult state. This food delivery order was probably not a coincidence but intentional.

However, she had experienced all the awkward and embarrassing things already. This was nothing to her.

Grace took the order Kyla Corbyn had prepared and got on the electric bike.

When she arrived at the law firm, the receptionist saw Grace and said to her, "Hold on a minute, Grace. Andrea Schwartz asked me to call her as soon as you're here so that she can come and pick up her order."

With that, the receptionist made an internal call.

A moment later, Andrea Schwartz hurried out. Andrea Schwartz was now dressed in formal clothes with delicate makeup and a

proud smirk on her face.

As soon as she saw Grace, Andrea Schwartz said, "You're delivering food, Grace! I didn't believe it when I heard it yesterday!"

As she spoke, Andrea Schwartz left Grace's food delivery on the other side of the reception desk and took her hand warmly as if the two of them were close.

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"By the way, you haven't been back to the office in a long time. Your old colleagues miss you very much. However, it's all right now. We can meet any time we want," said Andrea Schwartz as she pulled Grace into the office. "Since you're here, why don't you. meet your old colleagues?"

Grace glanced at Andrea Schwartz. She certainly knew what she was up to.

In that case, she should just face them. If she escaped, they would only laugh at her.

"Okay, I'll meet them," Grace said generously.

Her attitude, on the contrary, surprised Andrea Schwartz. After all, it was not what she expected to see.

Once inside, Andrea Schwartz clapped her hands in the main office and drew everyone's attention. "Come and take a look, everybody. Grace, our former colleague, came back to see us."

All of a sudden, many people in the office looked in their direction.

As Grace looked around, she saw a mix of former colleagues and new ones she did not know.

"Andrea, did she work here before? Where is she working now?" asked a young new colleague.

The question was just as Andrea Schwartz wanted, but Andrea Schwartz still showed a look of regret and said, "Grace used to

be the most promising rookie we had here, and people said that before long, she would be a great lawyer and would be snapped up by all the law firms."

"Which law firm is she in now?" the newcomer asked curiously.

“Well...” Andrea Schwartz looked at Grace with an embarrassed look on her face.

Grace simply felt that Andrea Schwartz’s performance was botched. It was fine if she made it obvious that she was trying to step on her toes, but the most disgusting thing was that she had to do it while acting as if it was intolerable and awkward.

“I’m a delivery girl at Yan Yan Restaurant. You’re welcome to place your order. I’ll bring you some menus next time,” Grace said unabashedly. There was no embarrassment or awkwardness on her face as Andrea Schwartz had imagined. Grace even managed a smile.

The smile set off her face with an indescribable gentleness.

Andrea Schwartz gritted her teeth in secret. She was thinking to herself, ‘Go on, I’ll see how much longer you can act.’”

“Grace, your boyfriend seemed pretty well-off when I went shopping last time. Why are you making a living delivering food at a small restaurant? Don’t be fooled. A lot of people like to fake as someone they’re not these days. He probably didn’t have much money but still pretended to be rich. He might owe a bunch of your back,” Andrea Schwartz reminded as if she was concerned.

Grace gave a faint smile. “All right, I’ll ask him some other time.”

Andrea Schwartz only felt as if she was hitting a soft nail. It was as if nothing she said would matter to Grace.

Some of the newcomers at the firm had no idea why Grace had gone from a lawyer to a delivery girl. As Grace turned toward the

firm’s exit, she heard someone behind her asking the question.

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The one who answered was of course Andrea Schwartz. Andrea Schwartz seemed to deliberately raise her voice. She talked about how Grace went to jail because she killed someone with her car while drunk driving...

Grace smiled softly. Was Andrea Schwartz stepping on her toes to make up for the frustrations of being suppressed by her in those years? Sure enough, you might not be able to see through people. when you were well-regarded. However, once you were destitute, you would certainly see through them.

Just as Grace stepped out of the firm and reached the lift, there was a sudden rush of footsteps behind her. A voice rang out, "Grace, wait!"

Grace turned her head and saw a man hurrying over before stopping in front of her. He was looking at her with an obscure look.

He was a moderately good-looking man in his 30s. He was of medium build and dressed in a suit as the city's elites usually did.

"Yes?" Grace asked as she looked at her old colleague. He used to partner with her at the firm. For a while, there was a rumor going around that he had a crush on her, but she was already dating Sean Stevens and such rumors did not concern her.

Little by little, the gossip died down.

and radiance had turned into forbearance and destitution.

Even the light in her eyes seemed to be repressed by something.

"You... can turn to me if you have any trouble. I'll help you if I can,"

He Zhanghuai said sincerely.

However, Grace only found it funny. Back then, no one in the law firm dared to take her case. Lina had visited the firm several times

for her case only to be disappointed each time.

"I don't suppose I have anything to ask of you now," said Grace.

He Zhanghuai hurriedly said, "You can't be a delivery girl for long. Why don't I ask my friend to recommend a better job that pays well, and you don't even have to be battered by the wind and rain?"

"You want to help me find a job?" Grace smiled a little. "Have you forgotten who's the victim in my case? It was Jennifer Atkinson, Jason's fiancée. Aren't you afraid?"

He Zhanghuai seemed to look a little awkward. "Grace, I'm sorry I didn't help with your case. I've been regretting it for years, and now that you're out of prison, I just want to help you in any way I can,"

"You don't have to say you're sorry for not helping me. People will always seek the good and avoid the bad. Helping me would be doing me a favor. There's nothing to blame if you didn't help. However, now that I've got through it, there's no need for you to help me anymore."

opened, and she walked into it.

He Zhanghuai looked at the elevator door in desolation as it closed slowly. His hands that were at his side slowly clenched into fists.

Back then, he actually had a momentary impulse to take over her case and help her!

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At office dinners, she was the only person who would go out of her way to remind colleagues who had been drinking not to drive back but to find a replacement driver. How could a person like her drink and drive?

She must have been wronged, he thought. However, as a lawyer, he did not even dare to help her clear her name.

He was afraid that her case would be too complicated, and he was afraid that he would have to go against Jason.

Who in Emerald City dared to mess with Jason?

He could only say that Grace had... bad luck!

By noon, Jason's secretary placed a large order. Grace was in charge of delivering it, and this routine continued for days on end.

Then... Jason would make her stay for lunch.

Grace had explicitly hinted to Jason several times about this, hoping he would not do it again.

However, he raised his eyebrows and asked with a bright smile, "Don't you like to have lunch with me? I just want you to eat with

Grace was rendered speechless. It was like committing a foul to see his smile with the longing in his amorous eyes.

Grace found it easier and easier to get into a trance while facing Jason.

When she raised the subject to Lina, Lina Sweeney naturally analyzed and texted back.

'Of course, it's because of his beauty!'

'Beauty?' Grace frowned and replied to Lina Sweeney on the chat page. 'What do you mean?'

'Jason looks like a million dollars. How many male celebrities in the entertainment industry can look like him? It's only fair that you'll get into a trance when looking at that face every day.'

That sounded about right to Grace.

'What the hell is going on with you and Jason right now, Grace?

I keep thinking that he might be serious about you,' texted Lina Sweeney.

'If he's just playing some siblings games with you, I don't think he would have bothered to come and save me because of you, let alone go against Hadwin Stephenson.'

Grace was silently staring at the message from her friend on the phone like there was something wrong with it.

'Grace? Are you still there?' Lina Sweeney sent a message to ask

'I'm here,' Grace replied with two words and changed the subject by saying, 'By the way, what is up with you and Hadwin Stephenson?'

'Well, it's a long story,' Lina Sweeney replied. 'I'll tell you about it the next time we meet. You said you've got a delivery job. When's your day off now?'

'Every Saturday after two o'clock. The boss will give me half a day off,' said Grace. After all, delivery jobs tend to leave relatively little time for rest.

'All right, let's meet up on Saturday then,' said Lina Sweeney.

"Time to deliver the order, Grace." Kyla Corbyn's voice rang.

Grace quickly bid Lina Sweeney goodbye, then put away her phone. She looked at the huge pile of packed food Kyla Corbyn had prepared, which, needless to say, was for Reed Group.

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However, watching Kyla Corbyn's beaming face, Grace sighed to herself and put the order on the electric bike.

With more orders, Kyla could make more money and get Nelson a cochlear implant.

When she thought of Nelson, Grace could not help but feel a pang in her heart. An adorable boy like him had such a defect. Plus, she had never seen Nelson's father after all this time.

Nelson was also a Corbyn, so she could guess something. Maybe Kyla was alone with the child.

In this case, of course, it was more difficult.

Riding on the electric bike, Grace reached the entrance to the Reed Group building. Several security guards were already familiar with Grace. When they saw Grace coming, they enthusiastically put all the

food onto the trolley and even helped push it into the building all the way to the elevator. They also kindly pressed the elevator button for her.

As for the receptionist, she greeted Grace with a smile and even bowed in respect.

Grace was probably the only delivery girl to enjoy this.

She, of course, knew that it was all because of Jason.

The door of the elevator opened, and Grace got out with the trolley. Jason's secretaries surrounded her, consciously taking the food and politely bidding her hello.

Outsiders might even think she was an executive in the company.

Grace walked toward Jason's office with two lunch boxes. She knocked twice at the door and opened it as usual when she heard

him reply.

She was dumbstruck the next moment because there were a lot of well-dressed people in the office. As she was walking into the building, she noticed pictures of these people on the bulletin boards-they were all executives of Reed Group.

For a moment, Grace was staring at them with two lunchboxes in her hand.

"There you are. Take a seat." Jason pointed to the sofa in the office.

Grace walked over to the sofa almost numbly, put down the lunchboxes, then... sat down and stared at the executives.

"You can eat first. I'll come and eat when I'm done here," Jason said in a gentle tone.

Grace was speechless. How could she eat in front of so many people?

Each of these executives felt complicated right now. There had been a rumor going around in the company that the president
Many of them did not believe it and found the rumor ridiculous.
However, the rumor turned out to be true.

This woman was wearing a mandarin jacket with the words 'Yan Yan Restaurant' on it.

All of a sudden, these executives were curious about this Yan Yan Restaurant. Did the president... particularly enjoy the food at this restaurant?

However, Jason's voice immediately caught their attention.

"Redo the budget and keep on discussing the acquisition with the company. Get it done in three days, and..." Jason's voice was

as cold as usual. It was a far cry from the gentle way he had been talking to Grace.

After that, Jason announced the end of the meeting. The group of executives filed out and Jason went over to Grace. "Aren't you

usually in a hurry to eat? Why aren't you in a hurry today?"

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Grace pressed her lips together and did not know what to say all of a sudden, so she opened her lunch box and started to eat.

Jason's eyes were fixed on Grace. It seemed to gradually become a taboo as he tried to keep her by his side again and again.

He did not want to let her leave. He only thought about what he should do so that she would willingly stay with him.

Since when did having lunch together become something he looked forward to? He could eat with her just like that. He was happy even if they were only eating in silence.

Come to think about it, his happiest days were probably from when he was 'Jay. At least she would josh with him, treat him as an ordinary person, lovingly dry his hair, and call him 'Jay' over and over again.

Jay... Jay...

Did she know how much he wanted to hear her call him that as if she were calling for her most important family?

When Grace finished eating and looked up, she looked straight into Jason's eyes.

He was watching her and had not even touched the lunchbox in his hands. In other words, he had been watching her the whole

Grace's face suddenly turned red at the thought of this possibility. She quickly stood up and said, "I... I got to go."

As she spoke, she bent down to clear away her lunchbox that was on the coffee table.

He pressed his hand to the back of hers. Then, he tilted his chin back a little and stared at her. "Can you call me Jason, Sis?"

His mutters sounded like he was begging.

Her body stiffened, and her throat seemed to burn all of a sudden.

"Why... are you suddenly...?"

"Call me Jay. I want to hear you call me Jason now," he said.

She pursed her red lips and did not utter a word.

His face inched closer to hers. "Can't you just call me that once?"

She suddenly felt that the tip of her nose was full of his smell. Seeing that his lips were about to attach to hers, she hurriedly

cried out, "Jay!"

His lips stopped just short of hers as he smiled. "That's nice."

She felt as if her face was burning a little hotter.

The moment his hand let go of hers, she pretty much ran out of the president's office.

In the office, Jason looked down at the hand that had just touched the back of her hand.

A long time passed before he slowly gathered his hands as if trying to hold on to the temperature.

After cleaning up the restaurant at night, Kyla Corbyn handed Grace a book about sign language. "This is a book about sign language. You can read this if you want to learn it."

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"Thank you," Grace said as she took the book.

"I'm the one who should thank you," said Kyla Corbyn. "Nelson has had little communication with outsiders. Besides, he can't hear or speak, so others are less willing to communicate with him. I'm really happy that you're willing to learn sign language to talk to him."

"Nelson is lovable, and he seems to like me too. I guess it's just fate," said Grace.

Fate... Kyla Corbyn's lips moved, but at last, she only said, "Yes, perhaps... this is fate."

"I got to go now, Kyla," said Grace.

"All right, see you tomorrow." Kyla Corbyn waited until Grace left before closing the restaurant's door and going into the small room

at the back of the restaurant. She looked at her son who was already asleep on his bed. Mrs. Corbyn was gently patting him on the body.

"Is he asleep?" Kyla Corbyn asked softly, subconsciously lowering her voice even though she knew her son could not hear her.

"Yes, he just fell asleep," said Mrs. Corbyn. "Is Grace going to learn sign language?"

"Unexpectedly, she's quite a nice person. I can see she's kind to Nelson these days." Mrs. Corbyn sighed. She had changed her opinion of Grace during this period.

"I think there's something more to her imprisonment," Kyla Corbyn said as she sat down. "She seems cautious. I heard her talking to her friend on the phone before and they seemed to be talking about reversing her case. Maybe she was wronged and that's why she wants it reversed."

"She seems to have suffered as much as you had." Mrs. Corbyn's expression suddenly turned sinister. "If you hadn't been wronged, you wouldn't have been put in prison, or even..."

"Say no more, Mom," Kyla Corbyn said as she shook her head. "No matter what, I'm content that I can be with you and Nelson now. Once we get enough money for Nelson's cochlear implant, everything will get better."

"Are you really not going to find him?" Mrs. Corbyn hesitated before asking.

"Mom, I know you think that if I go to see him, maybe he'll remember that Nelson is his child and will make life easier for me

and Nelson. However, don't you know that it was he who put me in jail when I was pregnant? Do you think he cares if Nelson is his child?" Kyla Corbyn said calmly.

She had been so miserable and so hopeless that now all that remained was calmness.

Mrs. Corbyn wiped her eyes sadly at this. "I'm just afraid that you'll be too tired and won't be able to handle all of this yourself."

"It's all right. I have you and Nelson. No matter what happens

in the future, you can rest assured that I can handle it." Kyla Corbyn's gentle and beautiful face raised a smile. "All right, you should go to bed early. Let me clean up a little and prepare the ingredients for tomorrow."

Mrs. Corbyn nodded and lied down beside Nelson.

Kyla Corbyn turned around, but her smile had disappeared from her face. Her mother thought she might have a better life if she went back to that man, but what she feared now was that the man's revenge might never stop.

After she was released from prison, she left the city with her mother and Nelson. They left their hometown and came to Emerald City to avoid the man.

Only by avoiding this man would her life truly start over.

She just wanted to... never see that man again!

Grace looked at the old man who was half-seated in bed. She

never expected that Jason's grandfather, the man who once ruled Emerald City, would send someone to intercept her and take her to the hospital.

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However, now the room was quiet with no one making a sound. Grace noticed that Old Master Reed was looking at her very carefully, but there was some disdain and disgust in his eyes.

Besides a nurse, there was also the man who brought her here. He had claimed to be Old Master Reed's private secretary.

"Do you know why I brought you here?" Finally, after a while, Old

Master Reed's voice broke the silence.

"Yes," replied Grace. "It's probably because of Jason." It would be a lie to say that she was not nervous on her way here. However,

once she got here, she somehow calmed down after looking at Old Master Reed's disgusted eyes.

She had been through the worst, so how bad could it get now?

Old Master Reed snorted. "You would know!"

"What are you trying to say?" Grace asked outright. Perhaps because she was really tired after all she had gone through, but she did not want to beat around the bush anymore.

"I never thought he would let you live in Reed Residence. Do women like you think you can get into the Reed family like this?" Old Master Reed said coldly.

Grace was now more or less clear that the old man wanted to

She hung her head low and made no noise. The old man probably would not believe anything she said.

Old Master Reed seemed a little bored with her silence. He turned to his secretary who was nearby and asked, "What do you think my grandson sees in this woman?". "I don't know, but there must be something special about her," replied the secretary.

The old man waved his hand and as if he was tired. He said, "I see nothing special about her, but her face seems unlovable. Just ruin her face and see if Jason still wants her."

"All right," answered the secretary.

Grace trembled and jerked up her head, looking at Old Master Reed in dismay.

Ruin her face the old man spoke so calmly as if it was a common thing.

Grace bitterly laughed to herself. She almost forgot that Old Master Reed was once a powerful man. Since he had someone bring her here today, it was only natural that he would say more than a few words of warning.

Did she expect the old man to send her back home after giving her a warning?

The secretary took a dagger out of his chest and walked over to Grace. She looked at him. There was no panic on her face nor did she plead for mercy. She was just... quiet.

Old Master Reed was a little surprised at her reaction.

"You're not escaping?" the man asked as he approached Grace.

"There's no escape," she answered calmly. After all, the man could serve at Old Master Reed's side and was appointed by the old man to do such a thing. He must be skilled while she was just other ordinary person. In other words, she had no skills.

like any

Besides, even if she could escape from this ward, could she escape from this hospital?

Her reason told her to accept her fate, but she was unwilling to. Why was her fate always at the mercy of others? They were all human, but she could not even resist when they tried to hurt her!

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Did she not study law in the hope that justice would be served?

However, now she could not even serve her own justice.

"You're clever," the man snorted before saying.

Grace's hands were tightly clenched into fists. Being trampled on was just that easy!

She trembled more and more as the dagger came closer to her face. Suddenly, she lowered herself and rushed toward the door of the ward.

However, when she opened the door, she was suddenly held down by the two bodyguards who were guarding the door.

The man went up to Grace and sneered. "I thought you were brave, but it turns out you were just finding the opportunity to run away. However, just like you said, there's no escape."

Yes, there was no escape, but at least she wanted to give herself the option of resisting even if she was a prey that was at the mercy of others.

Grace was once again brought into the room. Just as she saw that the dagger was about to cut her face this time, the door of the room was suddenly kicked open.

A figure came in and went straight over to Grace. In a fraction of a second of the way.

"Aren't you a little too impatient, Grandpa?" Jason played with the dagger as he looked at Old Master Reed who was still half-lying in bed. "Didn't I tell you? Don't touch her."

Old Master Reed's face was unmoved as if the incident was no surprise to him.

"She's not for you."

"It's up to me to decide whether she's for me, not you," Jason said and turned to glance at Grace. "Are you hurt?"

Grace shook her head. He came just in time, so she was not hurt.

The secretary who had just wanted to hurt Grace was getting up awkwardly. Jason walked right up to him. "You should be glad you

didn't hurt her today, or I promise you'll end up regretting it for the rest of your life."

As he finished, he kicked him in the chest and trampled over him.

"However, you must learn your lesson," he said and tossed the dagger. Then, he raised his fist and punched the man in the face. Even though he was a tough guy, he was now about to be beaten to death.

"I wouldn't just be punching you if it wasn't because she'll be uncomfortable with all the blood," said Jason while he took Grace by the hand and headed for the door.

"Cough..." Old Master Reed coughed. "Are you going to follow in your father's footsteps?" Jason paused before striding off.

Cough, cough, cough..." Old Master Reed coughed repeatedly. Today was just a test. A test to see how big of a place this woman held in his grandson's heart.

If the woman was not important enough, then it did not matter whether her face was ruined. If his grandson came, it meant that the woman... was extremely important in Jason's heart.

After all, tonight was the birthday of the woman who gave birth to Jason.

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Previously, on this day, Jason would not leave Reed Residence even if it was at night. Not even if there was a big event. He would spend the night at his father's spirit tablet, telling himself not to repeat his father's mistakes.

This went on year after year.

However, tonight was different!

Grace was led out of the hospital by Jason.

A black car pulled up in front of the hospital. After getting into the car, Grace still felt like she was dreaming.

She thought tonight was going to be her nightmare, but she did not expect him to show up.

"Are you scared?" he asked as he put his hand over hers, which was still shaking even now.

Grace bit her lower lip and nodded her head. Yes, how could she not be afraid? It was as if her fate was completely in the hands of someone else, and all her struggles were so powerless.

It was as if someone else's word could determine her life and death.

I can't believe he's more impatient than I thought and would even choose this day."

She was a little stunned. "What's special about... today?"

However, his face changed a little as she asked this question. He pursed his thin lips and his beautiful deep eyes were staring at her as if he was going to swallow her up.

The atmosphere in the car suddenly became depressive.

Grace felt uncomfortable and tried to withdraw her hand, but Jason tightened his fingers even more and squeezed her hand. He stared at her for a long time before turning to look out of the window.

Grace was puzzled. Was there something she could not say about this day?

When he was staring at her, she felt as if she had touched a taboo.

The car arrived at Reed Residence, and Grace followed Jason out of the car.

"It's late. You should go to bed. The old man touched you today and already got the answer he wants. He will not simply touch you again in the future, so you needn't be afraid," said Jason. After all, they were family. He gave it some thought and understood why the old man chose today of all days to do it.

Jason then walked Grace back into her room. The moment she next door. Instead, he went down the stairs on the other side.

He was going downstairs?

Grace was a little stunned.

At night, she lied in bed, tossing and turning for some reason. He was unable to sleep.

Jason walking toward the stairs haunted her mind. Where... was he going? Was he not going back to his room? She felt that he

was a little different tonight than he usually was.

Sitting up, she looked hesitantly at the door between their rooms.

She just had to push open the door and she would know if he had gone back to his room, but....

Stop being curious! Curiosity killed the cat! There should not be any curiosity for a man like Jason!

She kept saying this to herself in her mind, but her hand could not help pushing open the door.

It was dark, and she looked around the room with the light from her room. Sure enough, there was no one there.